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themselves never to resort to war, in any case of dispute, until it shall have first been submitted to impartial arbitration ?

- 3.—*Poems, by Mrs. Sigourney ; Philadelphia : Key & Biddle, 1834, pp. 288, 12 mo.*—*Zinzendorff, and other Poems, by Mrs. Sigourney ; New York : Leavitt, Lord & Co., 1836, pp. 300, 12 mo.*

These two works consist of short poems, written at different times and on different subjects. The reader passes through them as through a gallery hung with pictures—all executed, indeed, by the same hand, but still with such variety of subject, and such discrimination in the arrangement, drawing, and coloring, as to afford a succession of pleasing images. Here is a landscape—some river—some castle—some valley—some garden, or cottage scene—there is a sunset—a twilight—there is a cataract—and there you catch a glimpse of the ocean, majestic in its repose, or rising into rage.—Here is a flower piece—the daughters of the garden and the field—the graceful, the delicate, and the sensitive, together with the more masculine, stately, or ostentatious.—Yonder, is a portrait—the image of some departed friend—and there is a death scene, the “chamber where the good man meets his fate.” The Scripture pieces are frequent. We find now and then a war scene ; but it is not war in its gorgeous array, in its pomp and splendor—it is war in its ghastly solitude and deformity, as it lies prostrate on the earth after its work is done. There we behold the hero—but not in his pride and glory—it is the hero fallen—mouldering in the dust on the lone and distant island of the ocean, with *none* to write his epitaph. The pieces, almost without exception, convey a *moral*. And then the light which falls upon the whole, and renders visible and wakes the sleeping forms, is the light of moral beauty. Some of the pieces are done with much power and spirit. We instance, as more apposite to our purpose, *Napoleon's Epitaph*, the *War Spirit*, and the *Passage of the Beresina*. The following are stanzas from the first mentioned :—

And who shall write *thine epitaph* ? thou man  
Of mystery and might. Shall orphan hands  
Inscribe it with their father's broken swords ?  
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear,  
Channel it slowly mid the rugged rock,

As the keen torture of the water drop  
 Doth wear the sentenc'd brain ?  
                                 Shall countless ghosts  
 Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame  
 With shadowy finger trace thine effigy,  
 Who sent them to their audit unanneal'd,  
 And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer,  
 Given at the cannon's mouth ?  
 \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

The nations whom Napoleon had conquered, or attempted to conquer, are here each in turn, invoked to write the epitaph.

—But there was silence ; for no sceptred hand  
 Received the challenge.

                                From the misty deep  
 Rise, island spirits ! like those sisters three,  
 Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life ;  
 Rise on your coral pedestals, and write  
 That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.  
 Come, for ye lulled him in your matron arms,  
 And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,  
 And spread that curtained couch which none disturb ;  
 Come, twine some trait of household tenderness,  
 Some tender leaflet, nursed with nature's tears,  
 Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd  
 His cradle at Ajacio, turn'd away,  
 And tiny Elba, in the Tuscan wave  
 Threw her slight annal with the haste of fear,  
 And rude Helena, sick at heart, and grey  
 'Neath the Pacific's smiting, bade the moon  
 With silent finger point the traveller's gaze  
 To an unhonor'd tomb.

                                Then Earth arose,  
 That blind old Empress, on her crumbling throne,  
 And to the echoed question, "*who shall write  
 Napoleon's epitaph?*" as one who broods  
 O'er unforgiven injuries, answered, "*none.*"

The following are from the *Passage of the Beresina* :

                                O War ! War ! War !  
 Thou false baptized, who by thy vaunted name  
 Of glory, stealest o'er the ear of man,  
 To rive his bosom with thy thousand darts,  
 Disrobed of pomp and circumstance, stand forth,  
 And show thy written league with sin and death.  
 Yes, ere ambition's heart is seared, and sold,  
 And desolated, bid him mark thine end,  
 And count thy wages.

                                The proud victor's plume,  
 The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath  
 Of blood-dashed laurel—what will these avail  
 The spirit parting from material things ?  
 One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,  
 Borne, dove-like, o'er the waste and warring earth,  
 Is better passport at the gate of heaven,

We have room for only the following, from the *War-Spirit* :

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

War-Spirit ! War-Spirit ! thy secrets are known,  
 I have looked on the field where the battle was done,  
 The mangled and slain in their misery lay,  
 And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey ;  
 But the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore  
 In the homes that those loved ones re-visit no more.  
 I have traced out thy march by its features of pain,  
 While famine and pestilence stalked in thy train,  
 And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,  
 And thy breath on the soul was the plague-spot of hell ;  
 Death lauded thy deeds, and in letters of flame,  
 The realm of perdition recorded thy name.

War-Spirit ! War-Spirit ! go down to thy place,  
 With the demons that thrive on the woe of our race ;  
 Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,  
 Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried,  
 Let thy league with the grave and Acherona cease,  
 And yield the torn world to the angel of Peace.

If any "poetry is its own exceeding great reward," it is, surely, that which is consecrated to Virtue and Religion—of which not a line shall ever rise to disturb the conscience, and of which the remembrance, to the last, shall be sweet.

- 4.—*The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth.* By Edward Osler, Esq., London : Smith Elder & Co. New York : William Jackson, 1835.

*Voyage of the United States Frigate Potomac, under the command of Commodore John Dornes, during the circumnavigation of the globe, in the years 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834 ; including a particular account of the Engagement at Quallah Battoo, on the coast of Sumatra ; with all the Official Documents relating to the same.* By J. N. Reynolds. "*Naval Power is National Glory.*" Illustrated by several Engravings. New York : Harper & Brothers ; 1835. pp. 560, 8 vo.

We notice these two works, merely to direct attention to the dedication of the one, and the motto on the title page of the other. The *Life of Viscount Exmouth* is dedicated "*To the Navy, the Bulwark of their country, and whose triumphs are the Pride of her History.*" The motto of the last mentioned work, as appears above, is, "*Naval Power is National Glory.*" We had supposed that the bulwark of a country included something more than merely her navy ; and that other achievements contributed to make up the